

THE MINERVA.

GET WISDOM, AND WITH ALL THY GETTING, GET UNDERSTANDING.

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VOL. I.

POPULAR TALES.

FROM THE FRENCH, GERMAN, ITALIAN,
SPANISH, AND ENGLISH.

Truth severe, by fiction drest.—GRAY.

THE PROTECTING SPIRIT.

FATIGUED, like a day-labourer on a Saturday evening, Jean Renard, a merchant in Brest, threw himself on his bed on the Sunday, to slumber over a better life. He already stood at that gate which has nothing about it but the dreadful porter; the angel of death had already beckoned him in. Then he turned round once more to his two children, and the last tear glistened in his eyes. "Brave Philip," said he, "my sweet Babet! I can bequeath you nothing but an honourable name and this little cottage, in which you were born. You, my son, think on the industry and integrity of your father! You, my daughter, reflect on the patience and virtue of your mother! To both, let the affections and unanimity of your parents be ever present. Philip, be to your sister the manly protector! Babet, be to your brother the gentle assistant. Lay your hand in my cold hand, and promise me piety and virtue, and the indissoluble union of brotherly love!"

They laid their hands in his cold hand: their tears blended with the chilly sweat of death on their father's forehead, and as they still stammered, he passed through the gate, and as it closed after him, the countenance of the porter became friendly and kind; he stretched forth his extinguishing torch, and lighted it again at the eternal lamp. The deserted orphans firmly embraced each other in the darkness of life. Babet hung to her brother as a child to the petticoat of her nurse. Philip reflected on the last parental words, and that elevated courage flamed through his bosom, which often bursts out on our own necessities, yet rises into action when the hurried eye of a dearly beloved female calls for our assistance.

Contented and calm, they lived for almost a year. The little confined house, the scanty inheritance of the brother and

sister, adjoined a large store magazine, which, one stormy night, burst into flames. Before it was possible to rouse Philip and Babet out of their sleep, their cottage was on fire. Scarce covered by her night clothes, the lovely young maiden ran into the street and cried for help; but in the greater misfortune, the lesser was forgotten. Every hand was occupied in the preservation of the magazine: not one concerned himself about the cottage. Yet Philip tarried beneath its burning roof, at least, to secure his papers, till, at last, the cracking of the bursting rafters drove him out. He sought and found his mourning sister, who was weeping aloud, and wringing her hands, whilst he, silent and torpid, looked on his little burning property.

A stranger in a white cloak, passed several times by the brother and sister; and heard Philip's first words, that were spoken with gloomy coolness, "Be calm, sister—it is the heavy hand of Providence." He asked, with a gentle tone of compassion, "Have you also lost by this fire?" "Every thing!" said Philip, cutting him short, and looking before him, with fixed eyes. "Every thing!" repeated Babet, in a trembling voice, whilst she raised her hands and eyes to heaven. Terror had chased the blood from her cheek, but the flames reddened her countenance, and her scarce concealed virgin bosom. She was as handsome as a bride, on whose couch the rays of the morning sun steals through the red silk curtains. The stranger raised his hat a little from his eyes, and let the white cloak fall from before his face, as if he would inhale the charms of Babet with all his senses. "Can I serve you?" he turned politely to her brother.

Philip looked at him doubtfully; it was a cold October night, and it began to rain; necessity overcame all reflections. "A shelter, sir," he answered, "a shelter only for this night." "For this night and for ever," replied the man in the white cloak, "I have chambers in my house that are superfluous to me, and which I will willingly give up to you until your house is rebuilt." "If the rent will not be too high for an im-

poverished man," faltered Philip. "The rent! no, sir, the thanks of a worthy man is all I claim to, and I also wish that they may not even once be expressed aloud; for I am so rich, that I should be ashamed of your thanks." "May I know the name of the angel?" stammered out Philip, "whom Providence has sent to me on this melancholy night." The stranger modestly mentioned the name of Laurangais, and at the same moment a fire-engine drove so violently by, that Babet was almost caught hold of by the wheels. This accident, and the rain, which increased almost to floods, prevailed on Babet to accept the offered hand of the complaisant stranger; he made way for her, and led her out of the throng: timidly she looked round for her brother, who cast a last glance on the smoking ruins of their property, and then slowly followed, without knowing with whom or where.

The name of Laurangais was unknown to him. His trade had allowed him no time to concern himself with any other names than those of his correspondents; and he even did not before suspect that the stranger in the white mantle was a nobleman, till they arrived before the gates of a splendid palace, and where a loiterer of a porter humbly received them, and called his young friend, my lord count. At the word count, Babet drew away her hand in the greatest alarm from her conductor, who yet did not appear to pay attention to it, but was occupied in whispering some words into the ear of the Swiss. Immediately, servants hurried up with lights, and conducted the new comers across the court to an elegant neighbouring building, at the entrance of which count Laurangais modestly took his leave, and wished his guests as gentle repose as the melancholy event of the night would allow them to hope for.

The brother and sister found a dwelling containing from four to five neat chambers, not splendidly but elegantly furnished, ready for their reception. The servants quickly and politely served them with every thing necessary, and then left them to themselves. The following morning, the wife of the house steward appeared, an old active gossip; she lamented the late accident; celebrated the benevolence of her master, and exposed a bundle of linen and clothes of which the poor half-naked Babet stood in great need. Towards mid-day, the count himself appeared. He was a handsome young man, a perfect model of the polite world; and allowed so little merit in what he had done, that his presence was not oppressive like that of a common benefactor. He pressed on his guest a noble advance of money, to place him in a situation that would preserve his credit uninjured. The

torpid dejection of the poor man disappeared: he raised his eyes from the floor, and cast a calm look into the future; his silent gratitude, and Babet's tears rewarded the count.

Philip was roused from his repose by the hints of an old friend of his father, who told him, that the count was a celebrated voluptuary, and that it was commonly believed abroad Philip had betrayed and sold his sister to him. Philip gnashed his teeth with fury and wept in agony. It is true, not the least doubt yet arose either against the virtue of his sister or the vices of the count; "for," said he, "let the count be what he will, he is my benefactor, and as such is incapable of injuring me." But to save the reputation of Babet, he resolved immediately to withdraw from the house, and with this resolution he hurried home. He found his sister alone; it appeared to him as if her eyes were red from weeping. He walked backwards and forwards in great agitation, and endeavoured to find words for a forbearing representation. Babet observed that something unusual had happened, and followed him with timid looks. His feelings became insupportable; he collected all his powers, and began with gentleness and forbearance to pour his torture into his sister's bosom. He held her trembling hand in his; bright tears rolled over his cheek; he spoke with fraternal cordiality, and was not aware he was lacerating the heart of poor Babet. Yet, with what horror was he not seized, when, at the repetition of the words of his father: "Think on the virtue of thy mother," he saw the poor girl suddenly throw herself at his feet, and, with the screaming of despair, heard the acknowledgment from her trembling lips, "*She was seduced.*"

He tore himself from the sisterly arms that clang round his knees, rushed into the next chamber, locked the door after him, threw himself on his bed, and pressed his face to the pillow as if he was hiding himself from a spirit that was extending its cold hand after him. The sobs of Babet, her moaning at the door, her heart-penetrating voice crying—"Brother, dearest brother!" at last roused him from his horrid torpor. He heard the poor Babet sink down before the door, lamenting and weeping. Alas! he entertained no resentment against her. Only on himself did he vent the bitterest reproaches, that he had so neglected to follow the last will of his father; only against himself did he complain, that he, through carelessness, had been the founder of this sorrow. He opened the door, took Babet affectionately in his arms, consoled her, and entreated she would only leave him for an hour that he might reflect what was his duty in those melancholy circumstances. Babet tottered out. Philip recovered his

courage, and before the end of the hour he had formed this resolution.

With that cool serenity which misfortune cannot rob us of if in the temper of passion we preserve alive the spark of reason, he came out of his room, entreated his sister to make herself ready to follow him to another house, and, as to the rest, to leave to him the revenge of her injured honour. "Ah Philip!" said she, trembling, "what will you do?—I love the count; I shall be his wife—he has sworn it to me!" "Has he so?—so much the better! do you think he will keep his word?" "He will, as soon only as certain relations——" "Did he speak of relations? I understand; our honour is the first relation that he must again restore. Enough, sister, I will act as becomes me; no precipitation, neither any meanness. For the present, you must not see him again. Will you promise me that?" She gave her hand—she promised to obey him as her father. He left her. She locked the doors.

Philip now, immediately, sold his little spot of freehold, for which he had often been bid in vain. Hastily did he sweep up the gold, and the next moment stood panting at the anti-chamber of the count. He was announced. The count advanced kindly towards him, and rejoiced at the extraordinary visit. Philip requested some private conversation; the count was embarrassed, and looked at him inquisitively, and discovered the convulsion in his muscles that, in the presence of his valet, struggled with a forced smile. But the man of the world knew how to command himself; his mien remained soft and serene; he took Philip by the hand, led him into his closet, and invited him to take a seat on the sofa; but the latter planted himself before the door, silently drew out his purse of gold, and counted out the borrowed sum on a table.

"What are you about, my friend?" demanded Laurangais. Philip gave no answer; but the tremor of his hand betrayed the emotion of his soul. When he had finished counting, he turned round to the count and said, "There, my lord, is my debt, together with the interest." "Your debt?—who has reminded you of it?—why would you rob me of the pleasure of sporting with that which is superfluous?—and even the interest!—My good friend! you wrong me." Philip did not answer, he took up his purse, took out more gold, and began again to count. "Still more!" stammered the count, whose embarrassments became even more visible. "Are you still indebted to me in any thing?" "Most certainly," replied Philip, "Here is the rent of my chambers, rated as high as if I had resided in a tavern." "Sir," said Laurangais, in a rage,

"I am no landlord; my chamber only stands open to my friends."

"Oh!" answered Philip with a bitter smile, I know to whom they stand open. Enough, my lord count; we are quits; I have paid you the utmost farthing; I now expect the same from you." "From me?" "Yes, my lord; pay me for the honour of my sister!" The count turned pale. "On that unhappy night, when the fire consumed my little property, I murmured against Providence; supposed that it had robbed me of every thing, I, most ungrateful of wretches! We still possessed a treasure that no flames could destroy—an honourable name!—we were still rich in innocence and virtue. Now for the first time, my lord,—now I am a beggar. You have violated the rights of hospitality.—You have degraded my sister to a lost, outcast creature—and now I demand of you—Will you also make the brother a murderer?" "Mr. Renaud!" stammered the count with pale trembling lips. Philip continued—"The poor orphan has no friend in the world but me; I alone must speak and act for her; (he approached a few steps nearer the count,) still is my belief in your integrity not wholly extinguished:—You have promised my sister marriage. Was that your serious intention? Do you really love her? Shall Babet become your wife? I entreat you for a determinate answer." The count had a little recovered himself; gently and with dignity, he requested the youth not to suffer himself to be transported by anger, but to give ear to cool reason. He repeatedly confessed, that his passion for Babet had drawn him certainly beyond the boundaries of virtue; that he had made a false step, which to repair was his duty. Willingly, most willingly, would he do all that his situation would allow him to do. He should even pride himself as fortunate in calling Babet his wife if it only depended on himself; but his connexion with the court, prejudice, silly relations, and particularly a rough uncle whose only heir he was,—all this would, at present, render such a step the highest indiscretion. "In a few years," he added, "all impediments may be removed; till then, Mr. Renaud, allow me to take care of the happiness and fortunes of my dear girl; she will want for nothing; neither for the present nor the future shall she dread want; and also, you, my friend——"

"Have you nothing further to say to me?" interrupted Philip. "You are too reasonable," added Laurangais, "to require more of me at this moment. You will make your sister doubly unfortunate if you desire I should destroy my whole political existence by a rash step." Philip looked at him with contempt, and drew his sword. "Defend yourself, my lord."

The Count.—How, Mr. Renaud! unarmed!

Philip.—In that corner stands a sword; you need only reach your hand to it.

The Count.—Recollect yourself, friend.

Philip.—Ha!—my father, on his death-bed, confided to me the honour of my sister:—preserve it I can no longer—but revenge it! Come, my lord count, without further delay.—Laurangais made a motion, which betrayed that he was about to seize hold of a bell-rope that hung down over the sofa. Philip observed it, and instantly drew a pistol from his pocket. My lord! he cried furiously, “if you will not give me satisfaction as a man of honour, I will shoot you like a highwayman!” “Well then, inconsiderate youth!” stammered the count, his lips trembling with anger—“you must answer for the consequences.”

They fought.—Philip had never before used a sword: only as the avenger of innocence did he conceive himself a match for his opponent. Furiously he rushed on the count; Laurangais had the great advantage of art, and the still greater of cool blood over him. The duel was decided in a minute. Philip fell to the ground, and swam in blood. The count a voluptuary, but no hardened villian, hastily called his people, and commanded every thing to be done for the assistance of the unfortunate youth. The most experienced surgeon was procured, and the wounded Philip was carried and laid on the count's own bed. Babet was unacquainted with what had happened, and remained in the greatest distress at the absence of her brother. Laurangais himself passed the night by Philip's bed; and as the surgeon declared, after the removal of the first bandages, that the patient was not out of danger, then the count thought it absolutely necessary for his own security to leave the town.

He gave the strictest orders to his house steward to attend and provide for the patient in the best manner possible; promised the surgeon a handsome reward if he again restored him; and, at last, wrote a most tender repentant letter to Babet, in which he with all possible forbearance, related what had taken place, and entreated her, during his exile, to take possession of his palace as her property. He added to this letter the money that Philip had paid him; doubled the sum, threw himself into his carriage and fled, loaded with an agony of conscience that, in all his former dissipations, had remained a stranger to him.

Breathless, with dishevelled hair, Babet flew to the agonized couch of her brother. In vain was she held back; with wild looks she tore aside the curtains, stood transfixed, gazing on his pallid countenance; then fell swooning on the floor. When she first

heard his light breathing, when she was certain he was still alive, her agony gave her tears, and with the glowing drops she washed her brother's blood from his stained hands. The restorative power of nature, which reigns in youth, brought health to his body; but not peace to his soul. He quitted the palace, the grave of his sister's innocence, as soon as he had power to bear the removal. A thousand projects of revenge glowed through his brain. Now he resolved to pursue the track of the robber, punish him, or meet his death; then would he, with the murdered innocent, sink down before the throne, and cry out for justice. Babet's mild gentleness, at last, became the master of his destructive fury. “Let him fly,” said her entreating eye, “Justice will find him!—not before the throne of Lewis, where court corruption is in league with the seducer,—no, before the throne of God let us kneel.” He listened to the suffering angel—he locked up his grief in his bosom, and endeavoured to find diversion in business; but in vain! His native country became detestible to him; wherever he went he supposed his sister's shame was read in the forehead of the brother. Every whisper, every wink of the eye he applied to himself; his residence in Brest became a hell to him; he scraped together the last wreck of his property, and flew with Babet to the West-Indies.

The island to which they fled was that of St. Domingo. They carried with them a letter of recommendation from the old friend of their father (the same from whom Philip first learnt his misfortune,) to an old and opulent planter, named Melun. By him they were received, and Philip immediately took an active part in the concern; being a complete man of business, he soon became an essential assistant to the old man, and gained his confidence and esteem. Mr. Melun had a daughter, a creole, a girl of interesting person, amiable manners, and of a susceptible heart. Between her and Philip a mutual affection took place; but the father had betrothed his darling daughter to a merchant named Noyer, a man worthy of the happiest fate, and then in Europe, but who was shortly expected at the island. He came at the appointed time, and preparations were made for the marriage.

Poor Philip, since the arrival of the happy bridegroom, never allowed himself to appear before Francisca. He was also really ill; the sufferings of his mind had destroyed the powers of his body: he stole about like a shadow, performed his business mechanically, and felt, that half his former exertions were impossible to him. Old Melon perceived this daily increasing evil. Far from suspecting the real cause, he believed that the climate disagreed with the

youth, and proposed his commencing business on his own account, in some West-India island. He promised to support him with all his credit, and even to make him a present of a new ship which he had lately purchased. Philip seized his offer with the utmost eagerness. He kissed the old man's hand; a lively spark kindled in his languid eyes, and with restless activity, he began to make preparations for his departure, and, if possible, to fly from the country.

When Francisca was made acquainted with this sudden resolution, she shut herself up in her chamber, and wept bitterly. She felt that she alone was the cause of his exile, which would again give up the noble youth a prey to the storms of fate. And yet, what could she do but weep, and weeping bless him. She feigned indisposition, remained in her chamber, and worked a flag, with which she intended to decorate her father's presented ship. On a large white cloth, she embroidered an angel, who held in his hand the plant called *Forget me not*. The feelings that animated her in this work, gave to the figure an illusive life. The angel smiled, and yet a trace of silent sorrow plainly clouded his brow.

The flag was now finished, the ship ready to sail, and the departure of Philip fixed for the next morning. Then did Francisca, in the twilight of the evening say to her friend, with beating heart, "Go, call your brother to me, that I may also bid him farewell." The good Babet, whose red-wept eye filled with fresh tears at these words, tottered out, and soon after conducted her trembling brother to the gloomy chambers: without the power to move forward, without courage to raise up his eyes, he stood at the door like a criminal who expected death. Francisca's tucker betrayed the emotions of her heart; she recovered herself, rose up, went to meet him. "Dear Renaud," she stammered, "you will not leave me without taking leave." He was silent—a mountain lay on his breast. Not a word could he have uttered would it have procured him the government of the world. "Be convinced, dear Renaud, that you take with you my friendship—my compassion." A tear rose in her half extinguished eye. "Fate is not just towards you." His lips trembled. "Perhaps, not even towards me," she added with a stifled sigh. He raised his eyes timidly on her. "We must yield to necessity, if it even falls heavy upon us both." He endeavoured to smile, but did not succeed. "Accept as a memorial from me, this flag, which I have myself embroidered for you." He eagerly seized the present. "It is a *Protecting Spirit* which I give to you on the voyage. It is the emblem of my wishes; the flower in the hand is, perhaps, superfluous." He could not contain himself any longer. A flood of

tears broke through the boundary of good manners. He bowed over her hand—she bowed over him, and kissed his forehead. He sobbed violently and rushed out.

When the sun rose, his ship was still a white point in the open sea; then Francisca leaned out of the window, and followed it with humid eyes as long as it remained visible, and still even believed she saw it when it had already been long out of sight. A few days afterwards her nuptials were celebrated. Her husband did every thing that was in the power of love and attention, to efface a concealed sorrow from her bosom, which he too late perceived. In the meantime, poor Philip rushed into a thousand occupations and diversions; now roved about on the sea, then again on land; and thus, by restless activity, endeavoured to quiet a refractory heart. He often wrote to his sister, and promised to fetch her, as soon as he gained sufficient power over himself to choose a settled place of residence. Francisca was silent and grieved, her cheeks became pale, the animation of her eyes, by degrees, was extinguished; she faded like a violet wanting dew and shade. Her husband became inconsolable, and after he had in vain tried every diversion, and exhausted every means, he proposed that she should accompany him for some time to the bay of Camarare, to try whether a change of air would not produce a favourable effect. This bay lies in the Spanish part of St. Domingo, and Mr. Noyer had there formed a new plantation that from time to time demanded his presence. Francisca willingly gave her consent, and soon after her arrival found herself considerably better. She daily learnt more highly to value her husband; the joyful idea of becoming a mother shared by degrees the solitary hours with her melancholy thoughts on Philip. When, at last, the sighed-for moment arrived, as the suckling cried at her breast, and the joyful tears of the tender mother, mingled with those of the happy father, then the image of Philip stepped behind a veil woven from new duties and newer love. The health of the amiable woman was again perfectly restored. She became blooming and stronger than ever. When the little Francis attained the age of three months, his parents could no longer resist the entreaties of his grandfather, who ardently wished to press his grandson to his heart. They made preparations to quit the bay of Camarare. M. de Noyer ordered for this purpose a light galliot to be put in a sailing trim, and sent all his people and packages before in a heavy vessel.

While this took place, a small English vessel was wrecked on the coast, whose crew, however, were fortunately saved. The shipwrecked seamen applied to a Mr.

de Vignier, the captain of a French brig which was ready to sail, and entreated him to take them on board, and carry them to Cape Francais; but as he had already too many men on board, he requested M. de Noyer to take at least ten of them on board his galliot. The humane, benevolent man consented at the sacrifice of his own convenience. One of these Englishmen called himself captain John, and the other captain Young; he provided them with linen and clothes, and they gratefully vowed to give him their assistance on the voyage. They proceeded some days, with a favourable wind, and cast anchor on the north side of St. Domingo where they supped on shore, not far from a Spanish plantation. After supper they went on board, spread palm leaves on the upper part of the cabin, drew a sail over it, and spread a mattress, which served the mother, child, and her friend for a bed. Francisca's husband laid himself at the feet of his wife, and the two Englishmen lay at the further part of the vessel. About four o'clock in the morning, Francisca was awakened by a heavy and violent blow that appeared to fall on the bed of her husband; at the same time, she heard him audibly groan. Trembling, she started, and cried,—"Babet!—for God's sake!" Yet, before she could rouse Babet, John stepped up, covered with blood, and threatened to murder her on the spot if she suffered a sound to escape, or attempted to put aside the sail cloth which concealed the dreadful sight from her. With glistening eyes he quitted her; one set the sails, the other took the rudder, and endeavoured to find, as the sequel proved, their way to New-York.

At day-break the vessel was far out in the open sea, and now the trembling women received permission to get up. Francisca tottered from her bed. Ah! what a sight! the bloody corpse of her husband had been already thrown overboard, and still floated on the water. The poor widow fell senseless on the deck; the monsters derided her. With a sword in his hand, John demanded from her the keys of the trunks and coffers. He searched and rummaged through every thing, but only took the ready money, and gave her back the keys. The whole day they were left to their agony, and the vessel sailed with a fresh breeze of wind. With the appearance of morn the robbers stood before Francisca's bed. "Your sobbing and weeping," said they, "goes to our hearts. We are not far from Cape Francais. If you wish, one of us shall accompany you there in the boat. Without reflecting that it was impossible they could be so near the Cape, Francisca only obeyed the wish of escaping from the murderers, and hastily gave her consent. The boat was small, and made from a single hol-

low tree; but she dreaded no danger. She took hold of a small bundle of linen, and willingly renounced her remaining property, which the boat was not able to hold. John threw a miserable sack of straw, a pitcher of water, some eggs, and a little salt pork into the piragua; and then pushed her with Babet into the boat. They expected one of the murderers to leap after them, to steer the miserable little vessel; but suddenly the barbarians cut the rope assunder. Young seized the rudder, John spread the sails of the galliot, which sailed rapidly away, and left the poor unfortunate women to the mercy of the winds and waves. Fixed horror seized the mournful mother; she raised her hands to the murderers of her husband, and conjured them to have mercy on her innocent child; but soon her voice was heard no longer. She endeavoured to supply the loss of words by her entreating gestures—in vain! the murderers disappeared from her eyes. Francisca fell into a swoon. The child moaned at her breast; it sought for nourishment, and found it not; it sought for warmth, and crept into a chilled bosom. Night came on; their danger increased with every minute; the wind grew stormy; the waves foamed, and every moment threatened to swallow up the wretched boat. A high sea broke over them, washed away the biscuit, overturned the pitcher of water, and robbed them of every hope.

What a horrible night! what a struggle between the agony of death and maternal cares! Babet, the feeble Babet, seized the rudder, and as she had sometimes in little water excursions steered in jest, this trifling experience now stood in her need, and she broke many a wave that would have swallowed up the boat. The morning sky appeared, and with it the storm subsided; but the only consolation was that Aurora smiled on them. Still water and sky only bounded their anxiously searching looks; every minute of their prolonged life appeared a miracle.

Thus struggled two delicately formed women, and a weak infant, seven days and seven nights, exposed to the roughness of the weather, soaked through with rain, benumbed with the cold of the nights, stung with the burning mid-day sun, tortured with everlasting agony of death, without water, without any other provisions than a few eggs and some salt meat. Francisca's strength hourly decreased; a look at the little whimpering creature at her bosom alone kept the weak sparks of life from expiring. Until the sixth day, the infant always found nourishment in her breast; but, at last, even this source failed, and in the night of the seventh day the groans of the hungry child reduced the poor Francisca to despair. She resolved to die, and in dy-

ing still to give a proof of her maternal tenderness; she determined to open a vein, and nourish the child with her blood. She would have instantly put in practice this mind-distracting idea, if the darkness of the night had not prevented her. Exhaustion and hunger at last benumbed both mother and child; they sunk into a state which more resembled a swoon than a slumber. Babet was on her knees, weeping and praying, supported by the rudder, which she was no longer able to govern. The seventh day broke—a smiling morning red ascended above the clouds. As the sun rose Babet looked up, and behold a ship appeared at a small distance from her.

"A ship! a ship!" she screamed to the slumberers. Francisca opened her eyes—discovered the swelling sail—forgot her faintness, held her infant child in the air, and screamed "Help! help!" Babet tore the white handkerchief from her bosom, fastened it rapidly to the rudder, and let it flutter in the wind. It was a long time before the people in the ship discovered the signal: but, at last, a flag was hauled up, and the ship turned round. The two friends sunk silently into each other's arms, and tears found place in the hollow sockets of their dried up eyes. Nearer heaved the ship, and smaller became the distance that divided it from the boat. Now a light puff of wind drove them still closer. Francisca raised her eyes, and behold—THE PROTECTING SPIRIT with the FORGET ME NOT, smiled down upon her. At the same time a scream of horror sounded from the ship: a man was about to throw himself into the waves; three seamen were able to hold back the frantic creature. Francisca's name cleaved through the air! a boat which had been lowered out approached; she was carried up the ship's ladder and laid with closed eyes in the arms of Philip!

Francisca's recovery—Philip's ecstasy—are no objects for art. The ship anchored soon after in the road of New-Orleans, where Francisca attested the relation of her sufferings in the justice court at Louisiana. Her deposition was immediately taken to New-York, and the murderers of her husband were closely pursued; but no trace of them was ever discovered. As soon as the mother and child were able, Philip conducted them to the arms of the worthy old man, who was thrown on his sick bed with the agony at the loss of his daughter. He soon after died, and left Philip the heir of all his riches. Babet shared the love and prosperity of her brother; she was a second mother to his children. Every lover she refused, for she could not love but once. Still in old age this affection cost her many tears when she learnt, that Laurangais had met his death under the tyranny of Robespierre.

THE TRAVELLER.

'Tis pleasant, through the loop-holes of retreat
To peep at such a world; to see the stir
Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd.

THE QUEEN OF THE ROSE.

THERE is still a part of the world where simple genuine virtue receives public honours. It is in a village of Picardy, in France, where an affecting ceremony has been preserved, notwithstanding the revolutions of twelve centuries, of crowning a young girl annually with roses as an emblem of innocence. Madame De Genlis says, that according to a tradition, handed down from age to age, Saint Medard, born at Salency, was the institution of this charming festival. He had himself the pleasing consolation of enjoying the fruit of his wisdom, and his family was honoured with the prize which he had instituted, for his sister obtained the crown of roses.

Some days before the feast of St. Medard, the inhabitants assemble in presence of the officers of justice, where the company deliberate on the business of making a choice; in doing which, they have no object in view but equity. They know all the merits that give a title to the crown; they are acquainted with all the domestic details of their peaceful village. They name three girls, virtuous Salencians, of the most esteemed and respectable families. The nomination is immediately carried to the lord of Salency, or to the person appointed to represent him, who is free to decide between the three girls, but obliged to choose one of them, whom he proclaims queen of the year. Eight days before the ceremony, the name of the successful candidate is declared in church.

When the great day of the festival arrives, which is always the 8th of June, the lord of Salency may claim the honour of conducting the queen to be crowned. Leaning on his arm, or the arm of the person whom he has substituted in his place, the queen of the Rose steps forth from her dwelling, escorted by twelve young girls dressed in white, with blue scarfs, and twelve youths who wear the livery of the queen. She is preceded by music and drums, which announce the beginning of the procession! She passes along the streets of the village, between rows of spectators, whom the festival has drawn to Salency, from the distance of four leagues. The public admire and applaud her; the mothers shed tears of joy; the old men renew their strength to follow their beloved queen, and compare her with those whom they have seen in their youth. The Salencians are proud of the merits of her to whom they give the crown; she is one of themselves, she belongs to them, she

reigns by their choice, she reigns alone, and is the only object of attention.

The queen being arrived at the church, the place appointed for her, is always in the midst of the people, the only situation that could do her honour; where she is, there is no longer any distinction of rank; it all vanishes in the presence of virtue. A pew, placed in the middle of the choir in sight of all the people, is prepared to receive her: her train range themselves in two lines by her side; she is the only object of the day; all eyes remain fixed on her, and her triumph continues. After vespers the procession begins again; the clergy lead the way, the lord of Salency receives her hand, her train joins, the people follow, and line the streets; while some of the inhabitants, under arms, support the two rows, offering their homage by the loudest acclamations, until she arrives at the chapel of Saint Medard, where the gates are kept open: the good Salencians do not forsake their queen at the instant when the reward of virtue is going to be delivered; it is at that moment, in particular, that it is pleasing to see her, and honourable for her to be seen.

The officiating clergyman blesses the hat, decorated with roses and other ornaments; then turning towards the assembly, he pronounces a discourse on the subject of the festival. He holds the crown in his hand while virtue waits kneeling at his feet; all the spectators are affected, tears in every eye, persuasion in every heart; then is the moment of lasting impressions; and at that instant he places the crown on her head. After this begins a *Te Deum*, during which the procession is resumed. The queen, with the crown on her head, and attended in the same manner as she was when going to receive it, returns the way she came; her triumph still increasing as she passes along till she again enters the church, and occupies the same place in the middle of the choir till the end of the service. She has new homage to receive, and, going forth, is attended to a particular piece of ground, where crowned innocence finds expecting vassals prepared to offer her presents. They are simple gifts, but their singularity proves the antiquity of the custom; a nosegay of flowers, a dart, two balls, &c. From thence she is conducted, with the same pomp, and led back to her relations; and, in her own house if she thinks proper; gives a rural collation to her conductor and her retinue.

This festival is of a singular kind, of which there is no model elsewhere. It is intended to encourage virtue, by bestowing public honours, and for such a purpose they ought to be boundless. Where virtue reigns there is no rival; and whoever wishes for distinction in her presence, cannot be sufficiently sensible of what is due to her triumph.

THE DRAMA.

—Whilst the Drama bows to Virtue's cause,
To aid her precepts and enforce her laws,
So long the just and generous will befriend,
And triumph on her efforts still attend. **BROOKS.**

COOPER AND CONWAY.

THE interchange of characters between these gentlemen has been very happy. Conway in *Pierre*, and Cooper in *Jaffier*, threw out much of the spirit that belongs to them respectively, and gave us occasionally a variety of reading. In the night scene on the Rialto, we preferred Conway's construction to that of Cooper. After the question, "Who goes there?" and the answer, "A dog that comes to bay the moon," &c. Conway advances towards the front and says, "Well met, friend," the darkness of the night still hiding Jaffier from him. He approaches closer and then recognises his friend. This is much more in character with a night interview in such a place as Venice. In the quarrel afterwards where Pierre says,

"By heaven! thou liest—
The man so called my friend."

Cooper's style of reading is far superior; he throws all the emphasis on the word *my*, while Conway rather emphasises the whole line, and thus weakens the expression. As a whole, we think Conway superior to Cooper, in *Jaffier*. In the exchange of Brutus and Mark Antony, both acquitted themselves very handsomely. When Conway as Brutus, struck the dagger in Cæsar's bosom, his face glowed with all the godlike majesty of the old Roman: there was no hatred, no wrath, no hurry in his expression, but he wore a look of such stern necessity as the "king of men" must have borne when he sacrificed the fair Iphigenia to appease Lætona's daughter. Mr. Cooper's address over the corse of Cæsar, to the "multitude of inconstant Romans," was very artfully managed. Throughout he represented the real Antony, intrepid, artful, and voluptuous.

Conway's *Macbeth* was altogether a fine performance, and elicited repeated acclamations. In the soliloquy, "Is this a dagger which I see before me?" he managed his countenance better than in any other scene, or in any other character. His eye fixed itself on emptiness, while his imagination created a dagger in the void: he slowly

turned his glance towards the chamber of Duncan as the ideal minister of death moved slowly on to the spot where the murder must be done. At last, as if overcome by the horror of the sight, he pressed his hands on his brow, and shook off his fearful trance. The whole scene was executed in the style of a master.

We cannot refrain from pointing out to the managers a great error in their introduction of ghosts. Both in Julius Caesar and Macbeth, the ghosts make their appearance in the front of the stage, and in full glare of light. This is not in proper taste. They should appear as far as possible from the audience, in dim light, which should but partially reveal their forms. It is true that the ghost's appearance at the feast in Macbeth precludes the darkening of the stage, but at the same time there is no need of bringing in Mr. Spirit in advance of all the other characters, and so near to us that we hear his breath and see him wink. In the tent of Brutus, too, his ghostship walks in very politely, like a gentleman making a morning call. It would be perfectly in character with this arrangement, to furnish him with a hat in one hand and a rattan in the other, and then let him make a graceful bow as he enters. We must not omit the expression of our gratification with Miss Johnson's lady Macbeth. We never saw her do so well in tragedy. In dismissing the company after the appearance of Banquo's ghost, agitation on account of her husband, and courtesy to the guests, were admirably mingled in her face and manners. We regret that we have not time to enter on a more particular examination of Mr. Conway's Macbeth; but we must content ourselves with the imperfect sketch above attempted.

J. G. B.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

— Science has sought, on weary wing,
By sea and shore, each mute and living thing.

MINUTES OF CONVERSATIONS AT DR. MITCHILL'S

No. I.

ANTIQUITIES from the tombs of Incas, in the form of earthen cups, bowls, and jugs; and in the remnants of the cloth in which the dead bodies had been enwrapped, were produced. They had been disinterred at

Quilca, in Peru, at latitude 14° S. by Hatfield Smith, M. D. and his exploring party. The vessels consisted of baked clay, and the tissue of double-threaded cotton, died red and green. But the most remarkable of these articles was a small pot of a different composition and shape, evidently intended for the melting of gold; for, besides its fire-proof constitution, there is a hole with a spout on one side, near the top, for pouring out the melted metal. This discovery leads almost conclusively to the opinion, that the *aborigines possessed the art of reducing gold to a liquid state in the furnace*; as well as of subjecting it to the hammer, when found in grains or lumps among the sands of rivers.

An unusual plant in the middle and northern regions was exhibited, from the island of Cuba, by Major James Mitchell. It consisted of half a dozen green and succulent leaves, almost like those of the *Cactus*, or Prickly pear, connected by a common stem and by an intertexture of roots. Each leaf belonged to a distinct individual; and the roots twined around the vegetable on which the parasite grew, without any connexion with the earth. The production was a species of the *Mistletoe* family, and of the genus *Epidendrum*. It belongs to the section of that numerous tribe, in the hot climates of America, having a *naked scape and radical leaves*. In the present article, there is but a *single leaf*, and the species is denominated *nodosum*. So that the specimen must be considered the "*knotty Epidendrum*."

Grumous blood, indurated gelatine, cartilaginous and osseous matter, from the cheek and eye of the young girl, near Vincennes, in Indiana, were received from the visiting physician, Dr. Shuler, to the number of ten or twelve pieces. In this instance, there seems to have been a *metachasis of action* by no means uncommon in the female constitution. The fluid effused from a space about the size of a dollar, had the appearance of blood, issuing through the pores without pain, inflammation or ulceration, *and after its transudation* in this manner, changed by concretion, aggregation, or crystallization into the substances aforesaid; and, when the matter is physiologically considered, the explanation is just as easy as that milk, which is pressed in a

fluid state from the teats of a cow, should afterwards gather into butter and coagulate into cheese; or why urine, after secretion, should run into phosphorus, or harden into stone.

An Irish manuscript poem was produced, which, on the authority of Professor Grace, is pronounced to be "perfect in its kind, sublime in sentiment, and elegant in diction and composition." He is pleased to as high a degree with its perusal, as with the verses of Homer, Virgil, Pope, or Racine.

A very singular manuscript has been sent from Winton, N. C. to be deciphered. It was written on fine paper, with much nicety of penmanship; and had been found in an obscure cabin. Though it wore the marks of time, the sheets were in good condition. It was regularly paged and interlined neatly with red ink. On examination, this laboured performance was found to be a collection of English songs and ballads, such as Catharine Ogie, Black-eyed Susan, and the like; disguised in the characters of the Greek alphabet. This alteration has a most curious effect on the reader's eye. At first, the whole is a complete puzzle, but after a little study, it becomes easy of interpretation. Such a perverse or useless piece of industry was, probably, the amusement of some tutor or schoolmaster, who was out of regular employment, or who chose to occupy his spare hours in this particular way. There is something of the kind in the works of that wit and wag, Dr. King, the poet.

The information from P. Roux, director of the Museum for Natural History at Marseilles in France, was produced. He mentions that there are several Egyptian mummies for sale. Those of grown persons without bandages and in good preservation, at one hundred and twenty francs a-piece; and of children ten years old and under, at eighty francs each. This enterprising and scientific gentleman wishes to exchange specimens in Natural History, with collectors of such articles in the Fredonian parts of North America. He is ready to open this alluring traffick (at regulated prices of the reciprocal subjects) without delay in the classes of quadrupeds, reptiles, insects, minerals, and more especially productions of the sea, such as fish, crus-

tacea, cephalopode molluscas, annelides and other marine animals. Mr. R. promises to those who will deal with him, the newest species described by Risso and Leach, to which he will add, if desired, a number of things hitherto unknown and undescribed. Conformably to his proposals it is perfectly easy to regulate the terms of intercourse, by settling balances, pro and con, by means of mercantile drafts or bills of exchange. The prevailing sentiment was, that an admirable opportunity was afforded by this overture of Mr. Roux, for the members of our Lyceums, Museums, Colleges, and Seminaries, to make bargains that would be eminently advantageous and honourable to both parties. Our citizens will not fail to remember that Marseilles was a Colony of Greeks (Phoceans) who settled there six hundred years before the Christian era. It having been stated by Dr. M. that the name of the city, was derived from *Massilias*, a piratical chief, who established, after taking outrageous possession of the place, an aristocracy of virtuous citizens; proof was demanded of these facts and events; whereupon he laid before the company the book entitled "The Historical and Political Picture of Marseilles ancient and modern, by Mr. Chardon, dedicated to Baron Anthoine, Mayor of Marseilles, &c." Every person was satisfied by the exhibition of the pages; and the entertainer complimented on his reception as a member of their academy of science, commerce, &c. in 1807, and of their academic society of Medicine in 1822. By genuine republicans, the memorable and never-to-be-forgotten Marseilles Hymn, was brought to vivid recollection.

An axe of stone, formerly made and used by the Mohegan natives, was offered for examination by Lieutenant Lord, U. S. N. It was of the largest size and the most finished form; and was found in the Navy-yard of the United States at Brooklyn, thirty feet below the present surface of the Earth. The material was thought by some to be *petrosilex* or *chert*; and by others *porphyry* or *greenstone*. The length was seven inches and a half; the breadth five inches; and the thickness rather more than two. These axes, with sharpened stones for the points of arrows and spears, and fragments of baked

earthenware, are the principal relics of the once numerous and powerful Lenni-lennapi, or Delawares, who overspread the Atlantic region, from New England to Carolina; and who, in the lapse of a little more than two centuries, are almost exterminated or extinct. Their peculiarly hard fate, in being situated between the encroaching whites, and the fierce *Mingoes*, has been feelingly and instructively told by the Rev. Mr. Heckerwelder of the United Brethren's Society, as published under the auspices of G. Du Ponceau, Esq. How this utensil reached such a depth under ground, can probably be best explained by considering the alluvial quality of the Long Island soils.

April 1824.

Chemical, Mineralogical, and Geological Science as applicable to the useful arts, and in accordance with the present state of those Sciences.

No. I.

ADIPOCERE.

THE attention of chemists has been much excited by the spontaneous conversion of animal matter into a substance considerably resembling spermaceti. The fact has long been well known, and is said to have been mentioned in the works of Lord Bacon. On the occasion of the removal of a very great number of human bodies from the ancient burying-place *des Innocens* at Paris, facts of this nature were observed in the most striking manner. Fourcroy may be called the scientific discoverer of this peculiar matter, as well as the saponaceous ammoniacal substance contained in bodies abandoned to spontaneous destruction in large masses. This chemist read a memoir on the subject in the year 1789 to the Royal Academy of Sciences, from which we shall abstract the general contents.

At the time of clearing the before mentioned burying-place, certain philosophers were specially charged to direct the precaution requisite for securing the health of the workmen. A new and singular object of research presented itself, which had been necessarily unknown to preceding chemists. The remains of the human bodies immersed in this mass of putrescence, were found in three different states, according to the time they had been buried, the place they occupied, and their relative situations with regard to each other. The most ancient were simply portions of bones, irregularly dispersed in the soil, which had been frequently disturbed. A second state, in certain bodies which had always been insulated, exhibited the skin, the muscles, tendons, and aponeuroses, dry, brittle, hard, more or less

gray, and similar to what are called mummies in certain caverns where this change has been observed, as in the catacombs at Rome, and the vault of the Cordeliers at Toulouse.

The third and most singular state of these soft parts was observed in the bodies which filled the common graves or repositories. By this appellation are understood cavities of thirty feet in depth and twenty on each side, which were dug in the burying-ground of the Innocents, and were appropriated to contain the bodies of the poor; which were placed in very close rows, each in its proper wooden bier. The necessity for disposing a great number obliged the men charged with this employment to arrange them so near each other, that these cavities might be considered, when filled, as an entire mass of human bodies, separated only by two planks of about half an inch thick. Each cavity contained between one thousand and fifteen hundred. When one common grave of this magnitude was filled, a covering of about one foot deep of earth was laid upon it, and another excavation of the same sort was made at some distance. Each grave remained open about three years, which was the time required to fill it. According to the urgency of circumstances, the graves were again made on the same spot, after an interval of time not less than fifteen years, nor more than thirty.

The first of these large graves opened, had been closed for fifteen years. The coffins were in good preservation, but a little settled, and the wood (probably deal) had a yellow tinge. When the covers of several were taken off, the bodies were observed at the bottom, leaving a considerable distance between their surface and the cover, and flattened as if they had suffered a strong compression. The linen which had covered them was slightly adherent to the bodies; and, with the form of the different regions, exhibited, on removing the linen, nothing but irregular masses of a soft ductile matter of a gray white colour. These masses environed the bones on all sides, which had no solidity, but broke by any sudden pressure. The appearance of this matter, its obvious composition and its softness, resembled common white cheese; and the resemblance was more striking from the print which the threads of the linen had made on its surface. This white substance yielded to the touch, and became soft when rubbed for a time between the fingers.

No very offensive smell was emitted from these bodies. The novelty and singularity of the spectacle, and the example of the grave-diggers, dispelled every idea either of disgust or apprehension. These men asserted that they never found this matter, by them called *gras* (fat), in bodies interred

alone; but that the accumulated bodies of the common graves only were subject to this change. On a very attentive examination of a number of bodies passed to this state, Mr. Fourcroy remarked, that the conversion appeared in different stages of advancement, so that, in various bodies, the fibrous texture and colour, more or less red, were discernable within the fatty matter; that the masses covering the bones were entirely of the same nature, offering indistinctly in all the regions a gray substance, for the most part soft and ductile, sometimes dry, always easy to be separated in porous fragments, penetrated with cavities, and no longer exhibiting any traces of membranes, muscles, tendons, vessels, or nerves.

LITERATURE.

If criticisms are wrong, they fall to the ground of themselves: if they are just, all that can be said against them, does not defeat them. The critics never yet hurt a good work.
MARQUIS D'ARGENS.

ON RURAL LIFE.

The breeze of night is sunk to rest
Upon the river's tranquil breast,
And every bird has sought her nest,
Where silent is her minstrelsy;
The queen of heaven is sailing high,
A pale bark in the azure sky,
And not a breath is heard to sigh,
So deep the soft tranquillity.

AMPHILOGIST.

THE pleasures, charms, and resources of a country life are inexhaustible; they impart their own peculiar joys, and are such as man cannot disturb or diminish; unconnected with the noise and turbulence of town, free from the shackles of its dependence, and the restraint of its confinement. Gay, airy, and independent, the mind, like the body, can roam free and undisturbed, and lay up all those riches to itself, which no change nor sorrow can take away. There, it witnesses those innumerable beauties, and becomes enraptured in those sweet, soft sensations which delight to revel in the luxury they produce. There are those wonders which exalt the being of the naturalist, and bestow a source of grand and inexhaustible delight; nature arrayed in her rarest and choicest garb, displaying her fascinating aspect to allure and delight, and hiding, in the depths of retirement and darkness, her most magnificent possessions for curiosity and research.

Morning, noon, and evening, array her in different shades, till splendid night surpasses all: in its "still and beautiful repose" are experienced those feelings and emotions which the solemn majesty of an

illuminated heaven only can impart; when man, far from the world's busy tumult, breathing the air of solitude and tranquillity, enveloped in its peaceful shades, has his feelings attuned to the loveliness and grandeur of the scene. Its quiet and sublimity calm and dissipate those cares which harass the spirits and mock the soul. In such hours as these inspired poets have poured forth their gentle numbers, and proved their magical influence. It were vain to suppose man untouched and insensible to these associations; it would be depriving him of the choicest luxuries of his being, and divesting him of charms whose power refines and softens. Latest posterity can whisper those glowing and happy effusions of "spirits which were," who were touched and roused by its influence. The rustic BURNS, whose temperament was ardent and sensitive, and whose imagination was warm and lively, possessed an intense power of feeling those emotions. It was the secret charm that produced his finest, sweetest strains. Subdued by the faint and uncertain beauties of moonlight landscape, and the sublime, stupendous scenery of his own wild country, he frequently gave himself up to tender, abstracted, and luxurious enthusiasm of imagination, till his feelings kindled into glowing action, and even in childhood lisped of

"Smoking dewy lawn,
And misty mountain gray."

The poems of *Ossian*, whether written by the inspired pen of MAC PHERSON, or collected from a rude and wild people, are strongly marked by this tender influence: the mossy rocks, caves, floods, and mountains of their country, are associated in every mournful episode and bloody battle. The sweet music of his harp he compares to the "soft mist that rising from the lake, pours on the silent vale." Every thing is involved in that secret charm which has equal power over all. Nature finds its way to the heart of every one, and that breast must be hard and cold to resist her arts. Even POPE, who never possessed an enthusiastic nature, seemed to be awakened by the charms of natural pleasure, and celebrated, though perhaps with no great native feeling, in *Pastorals* and his *Windsor Forest*, their pleasing joys. But it was reserved for the benevolent and mild THOMSON to awaken a sensibility to the delights of external nature: early habits gave him

that fondness and amiable feeling to enjoy rural life, and inspired him with a zeal in discerning its myriads of charms and beauties, that fitted him alone for the pleasing task, and enwreathed his name in an ever-green chaplet of fame.

It was in the solitudes of Vacluse that PETRARCH indulged in his fondness for study and meditation; the silence of its dells, the freshness of its shades inspired him with his sweetest sonnets: and it was the retirement that ROUSSEAU sought, though the skeptic denied the power who gave it all its charms, that afforded him tranquillity and enjoyment. To him who is capable of enjoying the calm and peaceful pleasures of nature, and feeling her thousand wild charms, and disposing of his time to advantage, solitude is never irksome: it possesses delights and impulses that excite thought, sustain an activity of mind, and raise the soul; produces noble sentiments and heroic resolutions that fortify and dignify the character.

S. L.

CORRESPONDENCE.

[We hope our correspondent T. L. R. will continue his favours. We *know* his intellectual taste.]

REMARKS ON THE FAIR SEX.

No. I.

My professed regard for the fair sex has occasioned numerous conjectures as to my character. Many conclude that I have studied philosophy more than the ladies, and that I judge too hastily from appearances. Some imagine that the indefatigable industry with which I have applied to whatever regards woman, must proceed from an unaccountable partiality, and that this has prejudiced me too far in her favour: hence some think me one of the more serious sort of their daily attendants, and some an old bachelor who has devoted his life to their service in the character of a general admirer. Others again suppose, that this boasted knowledge in female affairs must be a mere pretence, which I have insinuated to give a sanction to my sentiments: they insist that I discover but little acquaintance with the female mind; and some things which I advanced gave occasion to a gentleman of figure in the *beau monde*, to make a shrewd guess, that I never was married. Whence proceed the unfavourable sentiments which are generally entertained of the sex? I believe among other causes, the following will be found to be of

great influence: that the ladies in their endeavours to please, do not always make a proper distinction between admiration and esteem. There are qualities which are the objects of our admiration, and not of our esteem, and, therefore, the most effectual steps to excite the former, may not have the least tendency to engage the latter. I beg leave to inquire whether a lady is not to be considered an intelligent creature, and whether the qualities we expect to find in consequence, are not to possess the first rank among her accomplishments? Certainly they are, and it evidently follows, that all the pains which woman can bestow to attract the principal admiration of the world to accomplishments independent of these, are spent to make her appear less important than she really is; insomuch that should a man allow more admiration to these inferior qualities than is their due, he may still have less esteem for the woman than she really merits.

As I would do all in my power to instruct your fair readers in the art of pleasing, I must request a particular attention to this distinction; for when it becomes a prevailing fault among the ladies that they appear to pride themselves most on accomplishments which have very little connexion with the virtues of the mind, men are naturally led to imagine that such accomplishments are the most important of female excellencies; and hence they entertain sentiments of the sex which tend to undervalue them. When a woman appears too fond of the charms of her person, we call her vain. Vanity consists in valuing ourselves on accomplishments which are of minor importance. We consider those who are addicted to vanity as persons of a narrow mind: hence this vice is the object of our contempt as well as our aversion. Now, what is the consequence of this female vanity? why men form their idea of a woman's merits as she excels in those qualities which inspire it. Such a lady is an agreeable figure when she moves in a minuet, and, therefore, called a fine woman. Another walks the streets with a grace. "What an excessive fine woman," cries every fool that sees her. A young lady enters the room with a pretty face, after preparing it in the best order at the looking-glass, and is styled a fine woman by all the beauty-gazers present. Miss Such-a-one on account of her handsome face, is privileged in talking agreeable nonsense as long as she pleases, and is allowed to be a most *extraordinary* fine woman. It is for these very qualities on which the *vain* part of woman-kind value themselves that their company is so much courted by the *silly* part of ours; and with these, a fine woman signifies very little more than an agreeable trifler, or a pretty fool.

A woman may easily know if a man has a real esteem for her or not; if he has, he will respect those qualities in her which are calculated to produce it; if otherwise, he will behave as if he thought her deficient. In woman we admire good sense, virtue, and delicacy. Now there are many, (and these too the most punctual in their devoirs,) who actually expect to recommend themselves to their favour by vices the most opposite to these. A young fellow, for instance, is not ashamed to appear before a lady when he is half seas over. When the lady next sees him, she attempts to show her disapprobation by a smiling gravity, (if I may use the expression;) he laughs off the matter with an air of indifference, well knowing that she is not seriously displeased; nay, perhaps, he values himself on his manly exploits. She, good natured soul, cannot persuade herself to be angry; not considering that if he had the least respect for her he would never have appeared before her in that condition, and if he had any opinion of her moral principles, he would at least have been ashamed of his conduct.

T. L. R.

SINGULAR MODES OF EXPRESSION.

ROGER Ascham, describing lady Jane Grey, expresses himself thus:—"At the time that the rest of the company were gone out a hunting, and to their other amusements, I found—*O Jupiter and all the gods!*—this divine young lady reading the *Phædo* of the divine Plato, in Greek," &c. Surely there was no occasion to disturb Jupiter and the conclave of Olympus, by thus calling on them so abruptly.

Sir Thomas Browne, in his "Vulgar Errors," speaking of those bright omens, called letters in the candle, tells us, "They only indicate a moist and *pluvius* air, which hinders the *avolation* of the light and *favillous* particles, whereupon they settle upon the *snast*."

"It is very hard, my lord," said a convicted felon at the bar to Judge Burnet, "to hang a poor man for stealing a horse." "You are not to be hanged, sir," answered the Judge, "for stealing a horse, but you are to be hanged that horses may not be stolen."

Dr. Beattie, meaning to tell us how delighted he was on seeing Mr. Garrick play *Macbeth*, adds, "He almost made me to throw myself over the front seat of the two shilling gallery." We are anxious that this should be known, for the benefit of future enthusiasts, who are, therefore, recommended to choose the pit, for fear of such ecstasies.

EDITORIAL NOTICES.

No. 4. Vol. I. of *New Series* of the *MIRNERVA* will contain the following articles:

POPULAR TALES.—*The Good Natured Man; a Tale of the Drama.*

THE TRAVELLER.—*The Ruins of Athens.*

THE DRAMA.—*King Lear.*

BIOGRAPHY.—*Memoirs of Hermelin.*

ARTS AND SCIENCES.—*Minutes of Conversations at Dr. Mitchill's, No. II. Scientific Notices from Foreign Journals.*

LITERATURE.—*The Pilgrimage of Man.*

CORRESPONDENCE.—*Remarks on the Fair Sex;* by "T. L. R." No. II.

POETRY.—*Stanzas;* by "Ianthe." *To the Moon;* by "J. R. Sutermeister;" and other pieces.

GLENER, RECORD, ENIGMAS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—We hope "Ianthe" will often strike her harp, which sounds so sadly and sweetly.

"Edgar's" lines breathe very good morality, but execrable poetry.

"A Long Letter from Christian Van Tromp," will have an early insertion.

THE RECORD.

—A thing of Shreds and Patches.

Reports from 36 Academies in this state show an aggregate of 2677 students, of whom 851 are engaged in classical studies. The Regents, during the present session, authorised the incorporation of two additional Academies.

A society has been formed at Albany for the promotion of Arts and Manufactures.

A striking likeness of Gen. Bolivar, is now exhibiting at the Academy of Fine Arts, New-York Institution.

A number of females and children are now employed at Baltimore in fabricating grass bonnets and hats, in imitation of the various qualities of Leghorn.

Spontaneous Combustion has been produced by well-dried hops, pressed in cotton cloth, and placed on a heap of cotton seed.

MARRIED,

Mr. W. Hilton to Miss M. Shonnard.

Mr. D. C. Van Osdoll to Miss Jane Megari.

Mr. L. M. H. Butler to Miss S. M. Arden.

Mr. Adam T. Tiebout to Miss Jane Willet.

Thomas W. Pearsall to Mary Legget.

Mr. J. D. Steele to Miss C. Richards.

Mr. B. M. Taylor to Miss H. A. Roads.

Mr. J. B. Fairchild to Mrs. E. H. Tibbals.

DIED,

Mr. John P. Fine, aged 31 years.

Mrs. Sarah Trumbull, aged 51 years.

Mrs. Lois Wilson, aged 45 years.

Mr. Thomas Carr, aged 69 years.

Mr. Henry O'Neil.

Miss Jane Hughes, aged 27 years.

Mr. Samuel Harris, aged 42 years.

Mrs. Ellen Antonia, aged 39 years.

POETRY.

"It is the gift of POETRY to hallow every place in which it moves; to breathe round nature an odour more exquisite than the perfume of the rose, and to shed over it a tint more magical than the blush of morning."

For the Minerva.

LINES FOR AN ALBUM. 1822.

THERE is a kiss of heavenly birth,
An angel's lip it would not stain,
And yet is found on this dark earth
And found, alas! too oft in vain.
That kiss! it speaks a thousand things
Which language never yet hath told,
That kiss is pure as are the springs
Which gushed in Eden's bower of old.
That kiss! how joyous is its thrill
When heart meets heart in unison,
And through each good and through each ill
Of chequered fortune beat as one.
That kiss imparted o'er and o'er,
Bids the wan cheek renew its bloom,
Bids Joy his sun-bright radiance pour
On Care's pale shroud and Sorrow's tomb.
Fond, faithful, and confiding Love,
Spirit half mortal, half divine,
Inhabitant of heaven above
And earth below, that kiss is thine!
And what is life when that is gone?
Let the o'erburthened heart reply—
An ark from which the dove hath flown,
A leafless tree, a sunless sky.
A grave, without the peacefulness
And dreamless slumber of the grave,
A desert mute and motionless,
A bark upon a shoreless wave.
A lone and desolated bower,
Which the sear ivy wanders o'er;
A wasted garden, where the flower
Once dead, can blossom nevermore.

J. G. B.

For the Minerva.

HOW KISSING CAME IN FASHION.

My Cora dear, you wished to hear
How kissing came in fashion:
I said I knew, and 'twould not do
To balk your expectation.
You know we're told, it chanced of old
That Adam's early life
Was wholly spent in discontent,
For why?—he had no wife.
And so in sleep while lying deep,
And full of care already,
That from his chest a rib was prest,
And of it formed a lady.

Now, when a child, I often smiled,
And smile e'en now I own,
To think a dame so well formed came
From such a crooked bone.

I know there are some ladies fair,
(Come, frown not, I don't fib,)
Though round the waist with corsets laced,
As crooked as a rib.

When Eve appear'd, how Adam stared!
He cried, "how can it be,
A form so bright as meets my sight,
Was ever made from me?"

"That beauteous face, those limbs of grace,
Do all unearthly seem:
Is what I see, bone, flesh of me?
No, no, I'm in a dream."

He rubb'd his eyes; to his surprise
The vision still was there;
And still amazed, he eager gazed
Upon a thing so fair.

She turn'd her head; her lips so red
Then sudden met his eye;
"Is that my flesh, so sweetly fresh!
Egad," said he, "I'll try."

And thence, my dear, it doth appear
That kissing came in fashion;
I said I knew and 'twould not do
To balk your expectation.

ARIO.

For the Minerva.

THE ISRAELITE'S SONG.

Roll on, ye years, with rapid flight,
Until in Judah's bowers again,
The virgin's eye shall catch its light,
And her lip breathe its melting strain.
'Till man shall from pollution rise,
His primal excellence restored,
And hold communion with the skies,
And wear the impress of his Lord—
O when shall righteousness again
Triumph within the hearts of men!
Pass, joyless hours, with swifter flight,
Until that morn again shall rise,
When the proud East shall wear the bright
And glorious bloom of paradise—
And on the renovated face
Of nature not a cloud shall lie,
Nor ruin find a resting-place
On aught beneath that orient sky—
When shall the light of glory shine
Upon the land of Palestine!
Resplendent sun, speed, speed your flight,
'Till back the clouds of slavery roll,
And freedom's fullest burst of light
Shall blast the shrinking despot's soul.

And bring the day when Israel's king
 Shall on the cloud of battle come,
 Over the Gentile triumphing,
 And sealing the oppressor's doom—
 O when shall Israel's conqueror
 Come in the pride and pomp of war!

MARION.

We hope none of our readers will allow their republican feelings to prevent their relishing this fine piece of poesy; it alludes to George III.

THE CONTRAST.

Written under Windsor Terrace, Feb. 17, 1820.

I saw him last on this Terrace proud,
 Walking in health and gladness,
 Begirt with his Court, and in all the crowd
 Not a single look of sadness.

Bright was the sun, and the leaves were green,
 Blithely the birds were singing,
 The cymbal reply'd to the tamborine,
 And the bells were merrily ringing.

I have stood by the crowd beside his bier,
 When not a word was spoken,
 But every eye was dim with a tear,
 And the silence by sobs was broken.

I have heard the earth on his coffin pour,
 To the muffled drum's deep rolling,
 While the minute gun with its solemn roar,
 Drowned the death-bell's tolling.

The time since he walk'd in his glory thus,
 To the grave till I saw him carried,
 Was an age of the mightiest change to us,
 But to *him* a night unvaried.

A daughter belov'd—a Queen—a Son—
 And a Son's sole Child have perished;
 And sad was each heart, save the only one
 By which they were fondest cherish'd.

For his eyes were seal'd, and his mind was
 And he sat in his age's lateness, [dark,
 Like a vision thron'd—as a solemn mark
 Of the frailty of human greatness.

His silver beard, o'er a bosom spread,
 Unvex'd by life's commotion,
 Like a yearly-lengthening snow-drift, shed
 On the calm of a frozen ocean.

Still o'er him oblivion's waters lay,
 Though the stream of time kept flowing;
 When they spoke of our King, 'twas but to say,
 The old man's strength was going.

At intervals thus the waves disgorge,
 By weakness rent asunder,
 A piece of the wreck of the Royal George,
 For the people's pity and wonder.

He is gone at length—he is laid in dust—
 Death's hand his slumbers breaking:
 For the coffin'd sleep of the good and just
 Is a sure and blissful waking.

His people's heart is his funeral urn,
 And should sculptur'd stone be denied him,
 There will his name be found, when in turn
 We lay our heads beside him.

EPITAPHS.

Proposed by George Collman, the Younger, for the Tomb of Sir Nathaniel Wrazall.

Misplacing, mistating,
 Misquoting, misdating,
 Men, manners, things and facts all,
 Here lies Sir Nathan Wrazall.

ON AN INFANT THREE MONTHS OLD.

Since I am so quickly done for,
 I wonder what I was begun for?

EPIGRAMS.

THE EMPTY GUN.

As Dick and Tom in fierce dispute engage.
 And face to face the noisy contest wage;
 "Don't cock your chin at me," Dick smartly cries;
 "Fear not! his head's not charg'd," a friend replies.

ON A GLOBE OF THE WORLD.

Try ere you purchase; hear the bauble ring;
 'Tis all a cheat; a hollow, empty thing!

ENIGMAS.

"And justly the wise man thus preached to us all,
 Despise not the value of things that are small."

Answers to PUZZLES in our last.

PUZZLE I.—Cow-slip.

PUZZLE II.—Iron.

NEW PUZZLES.

I.

My two, and *tout*, are always bound
 As close as man and wife;
 But, should a richer bride be found,
 The tie is not for life.

Thrice happy state! the rake will cry,
 While Doctors grave assent;
 For few can shut the wishful eye,
 And say—"I'll rest content."

II.

In deep distress my First implore,
 In happiest hours my Second choose;
 My *tout* if you do not adore,
 Most perfect happiness you lose.

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